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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

John John the husband, Tyb his wife,
and Sir John the priest

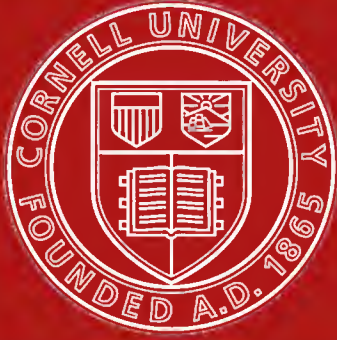
[By JOHN HEYWOOD]

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John John the Husband



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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

John John the husband, Tyb his wife, and Sir John the priest

[BY JOHN HEYWOOD]

1533

Issued for Subscribers by

T. C. & E. C. JACK, 16 HENRIETTA STREET
LONDON, W.C.: AND EDINBURGH
MCMIX

Am

Johan Johan the husband, Tyb his wife, and Sir Jhān the priest

[By JOHN HEYWOOD]

This is another of the plays attributed, with some show of reason, to John Heywood, though there is no absolute certainty in the matter.

The copy from which this facsimile is taken is in the Pepys Collection at Magdalene College, Cambridge, and has been reproduced through the courtesy of the College authorities. Only one other example is known to be extant: this is in the Bodleian Library, Oxford.

The year of printing appears in the colophon under the signature of William Rastell, the judge, a nephew on his mother's side of Sir Thomas More, and a brother-in-law of John Heywood himself.


Mr. R. B. Fleming reports that, in comparison with the original, the printing and general appearance of this facsimile is of the usual satisfactory character. The only specific "faults" occur through the "rustiness" of the original; as, for example, the blots on A. i. recto and verso, these being rather too dark in tint. The corner "mendings" on A. ii. verso are likewise slightly too heavy; while on B. i. and B. iii., in each case recto and verso, the type shows through very strongly in the original.

JOHN S. FARMER.



A mery play

betwene Johan Johan the
husbande / & his
wyfe / & s^r Ihan
the priest.



I Johan Johan the husbande.
God spede you maysters euerychone
Wote ye not whither my wyfe is gone
I pray god the dyuell take her
For all that I do I can not make her
But she wyll go a gaddinge very myche
Fyke an Anthony pyg with an olde wyche
Whiche ledeth her about hither and thither
But by our lady I wote not whither
But by goggs blod / Were she come home
Vnto this my house / by our lady of crome
I wolde bete her or that I dyneke
Were her qd a : pea that she shall stynke
And at euery stroke lay her on the grounde
And trayne her by the here about the house rounde
I am eynmad that I bete her not now
But I shall rewarde her hardy well pnow
There is neuer a wyfe betwene heuen and hell
Whiche was euer beten halfe so well
Beten qd a : pea but what and she therof dye
Than I may chaunce to be hanged shortly
And whan I haue beten her tyll she smoke
And gyven her many a .C. stroke
Thynke ye that she wyll amende yet
Nay by our lady the deuyll spede whyt
Therefore I wyll not bete her at all
And shall I not bete her / no shall

A.

Whan she offendeth and doth a mys
And kepeth not her house/as her ducie is
Shall I not bete her if she do so
Yes by cokkes blood that shall I do
I shall bete her and thwale her I trow
That she shall bespyte the house for verr wo
But yet I thynke what my nerbour wyll say than
He wyll say thus/whom chyddest y Iohan Iohan
Mary wyll I say/I chydde my curst wyfe
The verrest drab that euer bare lyfe
Whiche doth nothyng but go and come
And I can not make her kepe her at home
Than I thynke he wyll say by and by
Walke her cote Iohan Iohan/and bete her hardely
But than vnto hym myn answere shalbe
The more I bete her the worse is she
And wors and wors make her I shall
He wyll say than/bete her not at all
And why shall I say/this wolde be wyse
Is she not myne to chastice as I lyst
But this is a nother poynt/worst of all
The folk wyll mocke me/whan they here me brail
But for all that shall I let therfore
To chastyce my wyfe euer the more
And to make her at home for to tary
Is not that well done/yes by saynt marie
That is a poynt of an honest man
For to bete his wyfe well now and than
Therefore I shall bete her/haue ye no drede
And I ought to bete her tyll she be starke dede
And why: by god bicause it is my pleasure
And if I shulde suffre her/I make you sure
Nought shulde puaile me / nother stasse nor waster
Within a whyle she wolde be my master
Therefore I shall bete her by cokkes mother
Both on the one syde and on the tother
Before and behynde/nought shall be her bote
from the top of the heed/to the sole of the fore
But masters for goddes sake do not enterte
for her/whan that she shalbe bete
But for goddes passion let me alone
And I shall thwale her that she shall grone
Wherefore I beseeche you and hartely you pray
And I beseeche you say me not nay

But that I may beate her for this ones
 And I shall beate her by cokles bones
 That she shall stryke lyke a pole kat
 But yet by gogag body that nede nat
 for she wyll stryke without any hetynge
 for euery nyght ones she gyueth me an hetynge
 from her issueth suche a strykyng smoke
 That the sauour therof almost doth me choke
 But I shall bete her now without fayle
 I shall bete her toppe and taple
 Deed/shoulders/armes/legges/and all
 I shall bete her I trowe that I shall
 And by gogag boddy I tell you trewe
 I shall bete her tyll she be blacke and blewe
 But where the dyuell trowe ye she is gon
 I holde a noble she is with spr. Johan
 I fere I am begyled al day
 But yet in fapth I hope well nay
 Yet I almost enrage that I ne can
 Se the behauour of our gentyl woman
 And yet I thynke thither as she doth go
 Many an honest wyfe goth thither also
 for to make some pastyme and sporte
 But than my wyfe so ofte doth thither resorte
 That I fere she wyll make me weare a fether
 But yet I nede not for to fere nether
 for he is her gossyp that is he
 But abyde a whyle yet let me se
 Where the dyuell hath our gossyp begon
 My wyfe had neuer chyldre doughter nor son
 Nowe if I forbode her that she go no more
 Yet wyll she go as she dyd before
 Or els wyll she chuse some other place
 And then the matter is in as pss case
 But in fapth all these wordes be in wast
 for I thynke the matter is done and past
 And whan she cometh home she wyll begyn to chyd
 But she shall haue her payment stryke by her syde
 for I shall order her for all her bradlyng
 Trb. That she shall repent to go a catter wadlyng
 Ihan. Why whom wyllst thou beate I say thou knaue
 Trb. Who I Trb/none so god me saue
 Ihan. Yes I harde the say thou woldest one bete
 Mary wyfe it was stokfyshe in temmes strete
 A.ii.

Whiche wylle be good meate agaynst lent
 Why tye what haddest y thought y I had ment
 Tye. **M**ary me thought I harde the badwylng
 Wylt thou neuer leue this badwylng
 Howe the dyuell dost thou thy selfe behaue
 Shalt we euer haue this worke thou knaue
 Ihan. **W**hat wyse/howe sayst y/was it well gest of me
 That thou woldest be come home in safete
 Assone as I had kendled a fyre
 Come warme the swete tye I the requyre
 Tye. **O** Johan Johan/I am afrayd by this lycht
 That I shalbe sore slyk this nyght
 Ihan. **O** wycked soule/no we I dare say a swan
 That she comes no we streyght fro s. Johan
 For euer whan she hath fatched of hym a slyk
 Than she comes home/and sayth she is slyk
 Tye. **W**hat sayst thou. J. Mary I say
 It is mete for a woman to go play
 Abrode in the towne for an houre or two
 Tye. **W**ell gentylman/go to go to
 Ihan. **W**ell let vs haue no more debate
 Tye. **I**f he do not fyght/chyde/and rate
 Braule and face/as one that were frantye
 There is nothynge that may hym lyke
 Ihan. **I**f that the paryshe preest s. Johan
 Dyd not se her no we and than
 And gyue her absolution vpon a bed
 For wo and payne/she wolde sone be dreed
 Tye. **F**or godde sake Ihan Johan/do the not displease
 Many a tyme I am yll at ease
 What thynkest no we/why not I somwhat slyk
 Ihan. **N**o we wolde to god and swete saynt Dyrph
 That thou warte in the water vnto the throte
 Or in a burnyng ouen red hote
 To se and I wolde pull the out
 Tye. **N**o we Johan Johan/to put the out of dout
 I maynethou where that I was
 Before I came home. J. My pcase
 Thou wast prayenge in the churche of poules
 Vpon thy knees for all chrysten soules
 Tye. **M**ary. J. **E**than if thou wast not so holp
 Shewe me where thou wast/and make no lye
 Tye. **E**cruely Johan Johan we made a pre
 I and my gossyp Margery

And our gossyp the piceest s^r Johan
 And my neybours pongest doughter An
 The piceest payde for the stuffe and the makynge
 And Margery she payde for the bakynge
 Jhan. **W**y kohl^e lylly wound^e that same is she
 That is the most haude hens to Couentre
 Tpb. **W**hat say you. J. Mary answer me to this
 Is not s^r Johan a good man/yes that he is
 Jhan. **O** Da Tpb/if I shulde not greue the
 I haue somwhat wherof I wolde meue the
 Tpb. **W**ell husbande/no we I do coniect
 That thou hast me somwhat in suspect
 But by my soule/I neuer go to s^r Johan
 But I synde hym lyke an holy man
 For eyther he is sayenge his deuotion
 Or els he is gorynge in p^rcessyon
 Jhan. **Y**ea rounde about the bed doth he go
 pou t^o to gether and no mo
 And for to synysse the p^rcessyon
 He lepe^th vp and thou l^rest do wne
 Tpb. **W**hat sayst thou. J. Mary I say he doth well
 for so ought a shepherde to do/as I harde tell
 for the saluation of all his folde
 Tpb. **J**ohan Johan. What is it that thou wolde
 tpb. **W**y my soule I loue the too too
 And I shall tell the or I further go
 The p^rpe that was made/I haue it no we here
 And therewith I trust we shall make good chere
 Jhan. **W**y kohl^e body that is verp happ
 tpb. **B**ut wotest who gaue it. J. What p^rduell tek I
 tpb. **W**y my sayth and I shall say tre we than
 The p^rduell take me and it were not s^r Johan
 Jhan. **O** holde the peas wyfe/and were no more
 But I beshe we both pour hartes therfore
 Tpb. **Y**et paduerture thou hast suspicion
 Of that that was neuer thought nor done
 Jhan. **T**usse wyfe/let all suche matters be
 I loue the well though thou loue not me
 But this p^rpe doth no we catche harme
 Let vs set it vpon the harth to warme
 tpb. **T**han let vs eate it as fast as we can
 But bycause s^r Johan is so honest a man
 I wolde that he shulde therof eate his part
 Tpb. **T**hat were reason I the ensue
 Jhan. **T**han syns that it is thy pleasure

I pray the than go to hym ryght
 And pray hym come sup With vs to nyght
 Ihan. Shall he cū hyther/ by cokke soule I was a curst
 Whan that I graunted to that worde furst
 But syns I haue sayd it/ I dare not say nay
 For than my wyfe and I shulde make a fray
 But whan he is come/ I swere by godde mother
 I wold gyue the dyuell þ tone to carpe away þ tother.
 Tpb. What sayst. Jo. Mary he is my curate I say
 My confessor and my frende alway
 Therefore go thou and seke hym by and by
 And tyll thou come agayne I wyll kepe the pry
 Tpb. Shall I go for hym: nay I shewe me than
 Go thou and seke as fast as thou can
 And tell hym it. J. Shall I do so
 In fayth it is not mete for me to go
 Tpb. But thou shalt go tell hym for all that
 Ihan. Than shall I tell hym wotest what
 That thou desprest hym to come make some chere
 Tpb. Nay that thou desprest hym to come sup here
 Ihan. Nay by the rode wyfe/ þ shalt haue the worship
 And the thankes of thy gest that is thy gossyp
 Tpb. Full ofte I se my husbände wyll me rate
 For this hether commyng of our gentyll curate
 Ihan. What sayst Tpb/ let me here that agayne
 Tpb. Mary I perceyue very playne
 That thou hast spr Johā somewhat insuspect
 But by my soule as far as I coniect
 He is vertuose and full of charyte
 Ihan. In fayth all the towne knoweth better that he
 Is a hore monger/ a haunter of the stedes
 An ypocrite/ a knaue/ that all men refuse
 A lyer/ a wretche/ a maker of stryfe
 Better than they knowe that thou art my good wyfe
 Tpb. What is that that thou hast sayde
 Ihan. Mary I wolde haue the table set and sayde
 In this place or that I care not whether
 Tpb. Than go to byrge the trestels hyther
 Ihan. Abode a whyle/ let me put of my gown
 But yet I am afraid to lay it down
 For I fere it shalbe sone stolen
 And yet it may lye safe ynough vnstolen
 It may lye well here and I lyf
 But by cokke soule here hath a dogge prysed

And if I shulde lay it on the hartth bare
 It myght hap to be burned or I were ware
 Therefore I pray you take ye the payne
 To kepe my goDne tyll I come agayne
Ihān. But yet he shall not haue it by my say
 He is so nere the dore he myght run away
 But brycause that ye be trusty and sure
 Ye shall kepe it and it be your pleasure
 And brycause it is araye at the shyrte
 Whyle ye do nothyng strape of the dyrt
tpb. Lo now we am I redy to go to syr Johan
 And byd hym come as fast as he can
Ihān. Ye do so without ony tarpeng
 But I say hache/ thou hast forgot one thyng
 Set vp the table/ and that by and by
 Nowe go thy ways I. **I** go shortly
 But se your candellstykke be not out of the way
tpb. Come agayne and lay the table I say
 What me thynke ye haue sore don
Ihān. Nowe I pray god that his malediction
 Lyght on my wyfe/ and on the haunde preest
tpb. Nowe go thy ways and hys the/ seest
Ihān. I pray to Christ/ if my wyfe be no synne
 That y preest may breke his necke when he comes in
tpb. Dow eu agayn. I. What a myschefe wyll y sole
tpb. Wary I say brynge hether yender stole
Ihān. Nowe go to/ a lytell wolde make me
 for to say thus/ a vengauce take the
tpb. Nowe go to hym and tell hym playn
 That tyll thou brynge hym / y wyll not come agayn
Ihān. This ppe doth borne here as it doth stande
tpb. Go washe me these two cuppes in my hande
Ihān. I go with a myschefe lyght on thy face
tpb. Go and byd hym hys hym a pace
 And the whyle I shall all thynges amende
Ihān. This ppe burneth here at this ende
 Understandest thou. **T.** Go thy ways I say
Ihān. I wyll go nowe as fast as I may
tpb. Dow come ones agayne/ I had forgot
 Loke and there be ony ale in the pot
Ihān. Nowe a vengauce and a very myschefe
 Lyght on the pylde preest/ and on my wyfe
 On the pot/ the ale/ and on the table
 The candyll/ the ppe/ and all the table

On the trystels and on the stole
 It is moche ado to please a curst fole
 Tpb. **U**so thy wape now and tary no more
 for I am a hungred verp fore
 Jhan. **M**ary I go. **C**T. but come ones agayne yet
 Wrynge hpyther that breade lest I forget it
 Jhan. **I**f wps it were tyme for to toirne
 The ppe/for p wps it doth borne
 Tpb. **L**orde howe my husbände now doth patter
 And of the ppe styl doth clatter
 So now and byd hym come a way
 I haue byd the an hundred tymes to day
 Jhan. **I**f wpll not gpyue a strawe I tell pou playne
 If that the ppe waxe colde agayne
 Tpb. **W**hat art thou not gone yet out of this place
 I had went thou haddest ben come agayne in y space
 But by cokke soule and I shulde do the ryght
 I shulde bieke thy knaues heed to nyght
 Jhan. **M**ay than if my wyfe be set a chrydng
 It is tyme for me to go at her byddng
 There is a prouerbe/whiche trewe now preueth
 He must nedes go that the dyuell dyueth
How mayster curate may I come in
 At your chamber dore without ony spyn
Syr Johan the prest.
Who is there now that wolde haue me
 What Johan Johan/what nedes with the
 Jhan. **M**ary syr to tell pou shortly
 My wyfe and I pray pou hartely
 And eke desyre pou with all our myght
 That ye wolde come and sup with vs to nyght
 syr. J. **Y**e must pardon me/in fapth I ne can
 Jhan. **Y**es I desyre pou good syr Johan
 Take payne this ones/and yet at the lest
 If ye wpll do nought at my request
 Yet do somwhat for the soue of my wyfe
 syr. J. **I**f wpll not go for makng of styfe
 But I shall tell the what thou shalte do
 Thou shalt tary and sup with me or thou go
 Jhan. **W**pll ye not go than/why so
 I pray pou tell me/is there any dysdayne
 Or ony enmyte betwene pou twayne
 syr. J. **I**n fapth to tell the betwene the and me
 He is as wyse a woman as any may be

I know it well/for I haue had the charge
 Of her soule/and seerchyd her consciens at large
 I neuer kne w her/But honest and wyse
 Without any pynll/or any dyce
 Haue one fault/I know in her no more
 And because I rebuke her / now and then therfore
 She is angre With me/and hath me in hate
 And yet that that I do/I do it for your welth

Jhan. Now god yeld it po w/god master curate
 And as ye do/so send you your helth
 Wyse I am bound to you a pleasure

spr. J. Yet thou thynkyst anys peradventure
 That of her body she shuld not be a good woman
 But I shall tell the what I haue done Johan
 For that matter/she and I be somtyme aloft
 And I do lye vpon her/manys a tyme and oft
 To proue her/yet could I neuer espy
 That euer any/dyd woe with her than I

Jhan. Al Hyr that is the best care I haue of nyne
 Thankyd be god/and your good doctryne
 But yf it please you/tell me the matter
 And the debate betwene you and her

spr. J. I shall tell the/but thou must kepe secret
 Jhan. As for that spr/I shall not let
 spr. J. I shall tell the now/the matter playn
 She is angre With me/and hath me in dysdawn
 Because that I/do her oft intyce
 To do some penance/after myne aduyse
 Because she/wyll neuer leue her brawdlyng
 But alway with the / she is chydng and brawdlyng
 And therfore I knowe/she hatyth me presens

Jhan. Nay in good feyth/saung your reuerens
 spr. J. I know very well she hath me in hate
 Jhan. Nay/I dare sweere for her master curate
 But was I not a very knaue
 I thought surely/so god me saue
 That he had louyd my wyse/for to dysseue me
 And now he quyttyth hym self/and here I se
 He doth as much/as he may for his lyfe
 To stynt the debate/betwene me and my wyse

spr. J. If euer she dyd or though me any yll
 Now I forgyue her With me fye wyll
 Therfore Johan Johan/naw get the home
 And thank thy wyse/and say I wyll not come

Jhan. Yet let me know now good s^r Johan
Where ye wyl go to supper than

s^r. J. I care nat greatly/ and I tell the
On saterday last/ I and .ii. or thre
Of my frendes made an appoyntement
And agaynst this nyght we dyd assent
That in a place we wolde sup together
And one of them sayd he wold brynge thether
Ale and bread/ and for my parte I
Hard that I wolde geue them a ppe
And there I gaue them money for the makynge
And an other sayd she wolde pay for the bakynge
And so we purpose to make good chere
For to dyspue away care and thought

Jhan. Than I pray you s^r tell me here
Whither shulde all this geare be brought

s^r. J. By my fath and I shulde not lye
It shulde be despuered to thy wyfe the ppe

Jhan. By god it is at my house standynge by the fyre

s^r. J. Who bespake that ppe/ I the requyre

Jhan. By my feyth and I shall not lye
It was my wyfe and her gossyp Margerye
And your good masshyr/ called s^r Johan
And my neyhours yongest doughter An
Your masshyr payde for the stuffe and makynge
And Margerye she payde for the bakynge

s^r. J. If thou wylte haue me now/ in faithe I wyl go

Jhan. Ye may I beseeche your masshyr do so
By wyfe tarpeth for none but vs twayne
She thynketh longe or I come agayne

s^r. J. Well now/ if she chyde me in thy presens
I wyl be content and take in pacens

Jhan. By cokke soule and she ones chyde
Or fro wne/ or loure/ or loke asyde
I shall brynge you a staffe as myche as I may heue
Than bete her and spare not / I geue you good leue
To chastyce her for her shreude vapyng

Tryb. The deuyll take the for thy longe tarpeng
Here is not a whyt of water by my godne
To washe our hande/ that we myght s^r do wne
Go and hve the as fast as a snaple
And with fayre water fyll me this payle

Jhan. I thanke our lorde of his good grace
That I cannot rest longe in a place

Trb. **C**Go fetch Water I say at a worde
 for it is tyme the ppe were on the borde
 And go with a vengeance / I say thou art prayde
sr. J. **C**A good gossyp / is that well sayde
Trb. **C**Welcome myn owne swete harte
 We shall make some chere or we departe
Jhān. **C**Cokk soule / loke howe he approcheth nere
 Vnto my wyfe / this abateth my chere
sr. J. **C**By god I wolde ye had harde the tryfles
 The toyes / the mokkes / the fables / and the nyfles
 That I made thy husbāde to beleue and thynke
 Thou myghtest as well in to the erthe synke
 As thou coudest forbear laughynge any whyle
Trb. **C**I pray the let me here parte of that wyfe
sr. J. **C**Mary I shall tell the as fast as I can.
 But peas no more / ponder cometh thy good man
Jhān. **C**Cokk soule / what haue we here
 As far as I sawe / he die we very nere
 Vnto my wyfe. **T.** What art come so sone.
 Spue vs Water to washe now / haue done
Chan he byngeth the payle empty
Jhān. **C**By hockes soule it was euen now full to þ bynk
 But it was out agayne or I coude thynke
 Wherof I marueled by god almyght
 And chan I looked betwene me and the syght
 And I spyed a clyfte / bothe large and wyde
 So wyfe / here it is on the tone syde
trb. **C**Why dost not stop it. **J.** **C**Why howe shall I do it
trb. **C**Take a lytle wax. **J.** **C**Howe shall I come to it
sr. J. **C**Mary here be. ii. wax candyles I say
 Whiche my gossyp margery gaue me yester day
Trb. **C**Tusse let hym alone / for by the rode
 It is ppte to helpe hym or do hym good
sr. J. **C**What Jhān Jhān / canst thou make no shyfte
 Take this waxe and stop therewith the clyfte
Jhān. **C**This waxe is as harde as any wyre
Trb. **C**Thou must chafe it a lytle at the fyre
Jhān. **C**She þ broughte the these waxe candelles twayne
 She is a good companyon certayn
Trb. **C**What was it not my gossyp margery
sr. J. **C**Yes she is a blessed woman surely
trb. **C**Nowe wolde god I were as good as she
 for she is vertuous and full of charyte
Jhān. **C**Nowe so god helpe me / and by my holpdome
 D.ii.

She is the errant hand betwene this and Rome
 Tpb. What sayst. J. Mary I chafe the wax
 And I chafe it so hard/that my fyngers brakke
 But take vp this pye/that I here torne
 And it stand long/ye wyls it wyls borne
 Tpb. Eye but thou must chafe the wax I say
 Jhan. Wyd hym spt down I the pray
 Spt down good spt Johan/I you requyre
 Tpb. So I say and chafe the wax by the fyre
 Whyle that we sup/spt Jhan and I
 Jhan. And how now/what wyls ye do with the pye
 Shall I not ete therof/a morsell
 Tpb. So and chafe the wax/whyle thou art well
 And let vs haue no more pratyng thus
 spt. J. Benedicite. J. Dominus.
 Tpb. Now go chafe the wax with a myschryse
 Jhan. What I come to blyssse the bord swete wyse
 It is my custome now and than
 Arch good do it you/master spt Jhan
 Tpb. So chafe the wax/and here no senger tarp
 Jhan. And is not this a very purgatory
 To se folk ete/and may not ete a bpt
 Wy koke soule/I am a very wodcok
 This payle here/now a vengauce take it
 Now my wyse gyueth me a proude moke
 Tpb. What dost. J. Mary I chafe the wax here
 And I pmyagyn/to make you good chere
 That a vengauce take you/both as ye spt
 For I know well/I shall not ete a bpt
 But yet in feryth/pye I myght ete one morsell
 I wold thynk the matter went very well
 spt. J. Gossyp Jhan Jhan/now it is good do it you
 What chere make you/therby the fyre
 Jhan. Master pson/I thank you now
 I fare well now/after myne own desyre
 spt. J. What dost Jhan Jhan/I the requyre
 Jhan. I chafe the wax here by the fyre
 Tpb. Here is good drynk/and here is a good pye
 spt. J. We fare very well/thankyd be our lady
 Tpb. Loke how the kokehold chafyth the wax that is hard
 And for his lyfe/daryth not loke hetherward
 spt. J. What doth my gossyp. J. I chafe the wax
 And I chafe it so hard/that my fyngers brakke
 And eke the smoke/puttyth out my eyes two

I burne my face/and ray my clothys also
 And yet I dare nat say one word
 And they spt laughynge/pender at the bord
Trb. Now by my trouth/it is a pretie Jape
 for a wyfe/to make her husband her ape
 Poke of Jhan Jhan/which maketh hard shyft
 To chafe the wax/to stop therewith the clyft
Jhan. O ye that a vengeance/take ye both two
 Both hym and the/and the and hym also
 And that ye may choke/with the same mete
 At the furst murther/that ye do ete
Trb. Of what thyng now dost thou clavier
 Jhan Jhan/or wherof dost thou patter
Jhan. I chafe the wax/and make hard shyft
 To stop her with/of the payll the cyst
sr. J. How must he do Jhan Jhan/by my father kyn
 That is bound of wedlok in the poke
Jhan. Poke how the pylde preest crammyth in
 That wold to god/he myght therewith choke
Trb. Now master pson/pleaseth your goodnes
 To tell vs some tale/of myrth or sadnes
 for our pastyme/in way of communicacyn
sr. J. I am content to do it/for our recreacyn
 And of.iii.myracles I shall to you say
Jhan. What/must I chafe the wax all day
 And stond here/rostryng by the fyre
sr. J. Thou must do somwhat at thy wyues desyre
 I know a man which weddys had a wyfe
 As fayre a woman/as euer bare lyfe
 And within a senyght after/cyght sone
 He went beyond se/and left her alone
 And tarped there/about a.vii.yere
 And as he cam home ward/he had a heuy chere
 for it was told hym/that she was in heuen
 But when that he comen home agayn was
 He found his wyfe/and with her chylidren seuen
 Whiche she had had/in the mene space
 Yet had she not had/so many by thre
 Yf she had not had the help of me
 Is not this a myracle/yf euer were any
 That this good wyfe/shuld haue chylidren so many
 Here in this towne/whyle her husband shuld be
 Beyond the se/in a farre contree
Jhan. Now in good soth / this is a wonderous myracle

But for your labour / I wolde that your tache
Were in a shaldyng water well soð

Tryb. Peace I say / thou lettest the worde of god

Try. J. An other myracle eke I shall you say

Of a woman / whiche that many a day
Had ben wedded / and in all that season
She had no chyldre / nother doughter nor son
Wherfore to saynt Modwin she went on pilgrimage
And offered there a pue pyg / as is the vsage
Of the wyues that in London dwell
And through the vertue therof / truly to tell
Within a moneth after ryght shortly
She was delpuered of a chyldre as moche as I
How say you / is not this myracle monderous

Jhan. Yes in good soth try / it is maruelous

But surely after myn oppnyon
That chyldre was nother doughter nor son
For certaynly / and I be not begyde
She was delpuered of a kнауe chyldre

Tryb. Peace I say for godde passyon

Thou lettest try Johans comunication

Try. J. The thpyde myracle also is this

I knewe a nother woman eke pyys
Whiche was wedded / & within .v. monthis after
She was delpuered of a fayre doughter
As well formed in euery membre & ioynt
And as pyfte in euery popnt
As though she had gone .v. monthis full to thende
So here is .v. monthis of aduantage

Jhan. A wonderous myracle so god me mende

I wolde eche wyfe that is bounde in maryage
And that is wedded here within this place
Myght haue as quicke spede in euery suche case

Tryb. Forsoth try Johan / yet for all that

I haue sene the day that pus my cat
Dath had in a pett kptysns eyghtene

Jhan. Ye tryb my wyfe / and that haue I sene

But howe say you try Jhan / was it good your pre
The dyuell the moysell / that therof eate I
By the good lorde this is a pyteous warke
But nowe I se well the olde prouerbe is treu
The party she preest forgetteth & euer he was clerke
But try Jhan doth not remembre you
Howe I was your clerke / & holpe you masse to syng

And hysde the basyn alway at the offring
 Ye neuer had halfe so good a clarke as I
 But not withstankyng all this now we out pry
 Is eaten vp/there is not lefte a bryt
 And you two together there do syt
 Eatynge and drynkynge at your owne desyre
 And I am Johan Ihan/ which must stonde by þe fyre
 Chasyng the wax/ and dare none other wyse do
 Spr. J. And shall we alway syt here styll we two
 þe were to nygh. T. Then ryse we out of this place
 Spr. J. And lye me than in the stede of grace
 And face we a leman and my loue so dere
 Ihan. Cokke bodie this waxe it waxe colde agayn here
 But what shall I anone go to bed
 And eate nothyng nother meate nor brede
 I haue not be wont to haue suche fare
 Tpb. Why were ye not secured there as ye are
 Chasyng the waxe/standyng by the fyre
 Ihan. Why what mete gaue ye me/ I pray the hartely
 Spr. J. Wast thou not secured/ I pray the hartely
 Both with the brede/ the ale/ and the pry
 Ihan. No syr I had none of that fare
 Tpb. Why were ye not secured there as ye are
 Standyng by the fyre chasyng the waxe
 Ihan. Lo here be many tryfles and knakke
 By kokke soule they wene I am other dricke or mad
 Tpb. And had ye no meate Johan Johan no had
 Ihan. No tpb my wyse/ I had not a whyt
 Tpb. What not a morsell. J. No not one bryt
 for hunger I trove I shall fall in a soone
 Spr. J. That were pryte/ I were by my cride
 Tpb. But is it trewe. J. Ye for a surte
 Tpb. Dost thou syr. J. No so mote I the
 Tpb. Wast thou had nothyng. J. No not a bryt
 Tpb. Wast thou not dronke. J. No not a whyt
 Tpb. Where wast thou. J. By the fyre I dyd stande
 Tpb. What dydest. J. I chased this waxe in my hande
 where as I kne we of wedded men the payne
 That they haue/ and yet dare not complayne
 for the smoke/ put out my eyes I do
 I burned my face/ and rayde my clothes also
 Wending the payle/ whiche is so rotten and vnde
 That it wyll not shant together holde
 And syth it is so/ and syns that ye warn

Wold graue me no meate/for my suffr saunce
By kokke soule I wyl take no lenger payn
Ye shall do all your self/with a very venaunce
for me/and take thou there thy payle now
And yf thou canst mend it let me se how

Trb. **C**A horson knaue hast thou brok my payll
Thou shalt repent/by kokke spilly payll
Reche me my dystaf/or my clpppnyng sherrye
I shall make the blood runne about his erye

Jhan. **C**May stand styll drab/I say and come no nere
for by kokke blood/yf thou come here
Or yf thou onys sty/to ward this place
I shall throw this shouyll full of colys in thy face

Trb. **C**Ye horson dirupll/get the out of my dore

Jhan. **C**May get thy out of my house/thou preest hore

Trb. **C**Thou speest horson kokold/euyn to thy face

Jhan. **C**And thou speest ppyd preest/with an euyll grace

Trb. **C**And y speest. **J.** **C**a y speest. **Trb.** **C**a y speest agayn

Jhan. **C**By kokke soule horson preest/thou shalt be slayn
Thou hast eate our pye/and graue me nought
By kokkes blod it shall be full deere bought

Trb. **C**At hym syr Johan/or els god graue the sorow

Jhan. **C**a haue at your hore a thefe/saynt george to borow
CHere they fyght by the erye a whyle a than
the preest and the wyfe go out of the place.

Jhan. **C**A syris I haue payd some of them euyn as I lyst
They haue borne many a blow with my spyt
I thank god/I haue walkyd them well
And diruyn them hens/but yet can ye tell
Whether they be go/for by god I fere me
That they be gon together he and she
Vnto his chamber/and perhappys she wyll
Spyte of my hart/tary there styll
And peraduenture/there he and she
Wyll make me cokold/euyn to anger me
And then had I a pyg in the dorys panyer
Therefore by god/I wyl hys me thyder
To se yf they do me any vylany
And thus fare well this noble company.

Cfinis.

CImprynted by Wyllyam Rastell/the .xii. day of
february the yere of our lord. M. cccc. and. xxxii.

CCuyn priuilegio.

